

**\$300,000 BOOZE**  
**ON WESSEL AS FISH**  
**Customs Men Get Suspicious**  
**as Smack Boldly Ties Up**  
**to Battery With Cargo.**

**HOLD TIGHTLY PACKED**  
**Men Held in Westchester**  
**Seizure Said to Be Leaders**  
**of Bootleg Ring.**

**AIMING AT FLOATING BAR**  
**Dry Officers Contend Plan of**  
**Capt. Martin Can Be Halted**  
**by Old Customs Law.**

What customs men regard as the most barefaced attempt to smuggle a cargo of liquor into New York harbor since prohibition ended yesterday when the two masted fishing smack Victor was tied up at the Battery and seals were placed on her hatches. Underneath them, sewed in burlap bags, six bottles to the bag, and so tightly packed that there was no room for an extra pint, the customs men found Scotch and rye whiskey with a bootleg value not far from \$300,000.

Inspector Hokeness's men, cruising the harbor in a launch soon after noon, noticed the Victor heading up the lower bay. She might have been one of the smacks that bring their catches into Fulton Market—as a matter of fact, the inspectors say she was formerly a fishing boat—but there was an elusive something about the Victor that prompted the customs men to go alongside and ask questions. It certainly wasn't the smell of fresh fish.

"Let's see your manifest," they shouted to the skipper of the smack.

"Fish Aboard, Says Skipper."

"Haven't got any," he called back. "We just got a load of fish."

The inspectors were not satisfied, and climbed aboard. They found three smoked herrings and a can of sardines.

Then they opened the hatches and found the illegal cargo.

William R. Sanders, Deputy Surveyor, questioned Charles Brown, the captain, and his brother, Thomas, who had shipped an engine. The captain said his home was in Forty-third street, Brooklyn. According to Mr. Sanders, Capt. Brown told how he had been employed several weeks ago by a man named Charles Kelly, of whom he knew nothing more than his name, to take the Victor down to the Bahamas.

He lay off an inlet of the islands several days, and one night while he was in his cabin, a man came aboard. When the captain awoke the next morning and saw the burlap bags he thought they contained coconuts. He was then ordered to sail north immediately to a point off the Nantucket lightship.

**Sails Baited Tied in Gales.**

The captain said that they ran into some nasty weather coming up the coast, and that his sails were almost torn away. Two days before they reached New York, the Victor was ordered to use their auxiliary power, and were putting into port here to get more gasoline.

On the deck of the smack was a motor launch with a New York license, probably intended to take the liquor ashore on the way up to Nantucket. The Victor originally hailed from Gloucester and was captained by Capt. Brown, his brother and three members of the crew are being held. An investigation was begun by J. Holley Clark and Frank A. McGuirk, Assistant United States Attorney, Boston. Headquarters was notified, and Agents Van Tassel, Mead and Gareson took over the cargo. It will be removed to a Government warehouse in Brooklyn today.

**Whisky Made in Baltimore.**

A large part of the liquor, according to the inspectors, was stuff of domestic manufacture which had been brought from Baltimore to the Bahamas in 1920. Capt. Anton Anderson, Macris Spiros, Matt Harris, Clyde Melville, Christ Richardson, George Hanson and Arthur Baker, caught a few days ago when loading 1,500 burlap bags of whisky from two barges in Westchester Creek, were arraigned yesterday before United States Commissioner Hitchcock, who held Anderson and Spiros in \$5,000 bail each, and the others of the Penn Post Assistant United States Attorney McGuirk said Anderson and Spiros are ring leaders in the rum running game. He asserted Anderson is wanted in Boston for illegal operations last fall conducted with the schooner John Sully of Sheephead Bay.

A dispatch from Washington yesterday stated that prohibition Commissioner Haynes is giving attention to the means of preventing Capt. James V. Martin from establishing his proposed floating bar somewhere beyond the three mile limit out from New York. Prohibition officers say an old customs law would enable them to put such a bar out of commission immediately.

**MINISTER'S SON HELD**  
**IN AUTOMOBILE THEFTS**

**Corghill Brains of the Band,**  
**Police Say.**

The police of Hoboken believe that they have under arrest three members of a gang of automobile thieves who have been stealing automobiles in New York and New Jersey and selling them in and about Sherburne, N. Y., near Utica. According to Capt. E. J. McFadyen, the Hoboken automobile squad, the brains of the gang was Floyd S. Corghill, son of a clergyman at Sherburne, who was arrested Wednesday night as he was leaving a Manhattan theater. Capt. McFadyen said that Corghill is a chiropractor and had been living in 155 West Seventy-third street.

The man and two women arrested early yesterday morning after a chase across Manhattan in automobiles were arraigned yesterday before Magistrate Levine in the Jefferson Market Court charged with complicity in the holdup of the night clerk of the Penn Post Hotel at Eighth avenue and Thirty-first street. They gave their names as Beatrice Berman of 214 Grand street, Brooklyn, Mrs. Mary of 244 Grand street, and William Bunge of 427 Third avenue, all of Brooklyn. Magistrate Levine held them without bail for examination today.

## VANISHED MAN'S GHOST TETSOLD IN ROUGH

Missing Peddler of Newton, N. J., Stirred to Action by  
Antigonish Rival, Revives War Times—Phantom  
Woman in White Adds to Apparition Lore.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.  
NEWTON, N. J., March 9.—Farmers south of here believe that the mild mannered, timid old ghost of the Vanished Peddler of Wayside Inn, piqued at and perhaps a trifle jealous of the notoriety achieved by the roughneck Poltergeist of Antigonish, has come back from the misty borderland where he has been for several years to haunt the farmhouse of Frank Decker.

Decker's house was built a hundred years ago, and until just before the civil war was known as the Wayside Inn. Fine grog was sold there. It was a small but popular roadhouse. To-day it looks like an ordinary two story farmhouse, white with green shutters, but on the inside there are many evidences of great age, and the tradition of the supernatural has grown up about the place.

When Decker bought the house three years ago he knew something of the strange happenings reported by former owners, but he is a materialistic young farmer and was not disturbed. He continued living there happily enough with his wife and four small children until a few nights ago. Now he admits he is frightened and wants to sell the place.

"It was along about midnight," said Decker, "when my wife and I were awakened by heavy footsteps on the front porch. We were asleep up stairs. The front door was bolted, but we distinctly heard it open with a heavy, almost crashing, sound."

**No Mistaking the Sounds.**

"Then we heard something moving about in the lower part of the house. The night was perfectly still and there was no mistaking the sounds. Whatever it was it went all about down stairs, opening the doors and slamming them shut again, dragging the furniture around and making a terrible lot of racket."

"My dog was downstairs. I heard him bark when the front door opened. He appeared angry, and then in a minute he started whimpering and growling, as if he was afraid, or if he was something he didn't understand. I didn't go downstairs until the noise stopped, which was about fifteen minutes after it began. The noise kept working toward the back of the house, and finally the back door opened and slammed. I ran down quickly, while my wife looked out the upper window. But neither of us saw anything at all, though the night was clear. And there were no tracks in the fresh snow outside."

"The front and back doors were locked, and the furniture, instead of being broken and upset, was exactly as it should have been. I confess I don't know what to make of it."

The story of the Vanished Peddler of the Wayside Inn is known to many of the old settlers and six miles south of here. It is to the effect that back in the forties there was a little party at the inn one night. There were some people who had been fox hunting, a traveler or two, and some of the people who lived near by.

A peddler, whom no one knew, came in and joined the party. He told a great many stories, and just before he was asked to be shown to a room. He took his pack to the room and when last seen was preparing to go to bed. A few minutes later some one had come to go to his room. The peddler was not there, and no trace of him ever was found.

**Grandmother an Authority.**

Edgar Hunt, who has a farm next to Decker's, is one of the oldest and best authorities on the ghost lore of that neighborhood. Hunt was found to-day telling the job of slaughtering a lamb, and as he wiped the bloody knife on his boot he said:

"I'm 65 years old—not quite yet, but we won't quibble. I was born over there where I live now, but my parents brought me there when I was a year old. I've heard my grandmother tell about the old peddler many a time, and she knew of some other instances that I don't remember now."

"The first I personally knew of the place was when I was a young fellow and David Swayze owned the house. He had bought it after the inn was closed. I used to go over there all the time with Swayze's son, George."

"The night I'm speaking about was along in the late winter of 1888 or 1889. I'm not sure which. I was staying all night with George. It was nearly midnight and George and I looked out the window and saw an apparition or whatever you call it, pottering around in the snow. We were both scared, and George got his gun—a double barreled shotgun—and we all three went down together. We went out on the front porch, and there this thing was, moaning and crying like a lost child. It was a funny looking thing, stooping a little and searching for something."

"Anyhow, Old Man Swayze went out there with me. Now this Swayze was quite a man—a big, bell-roaring fellow who wasn't afraid of a man nor woman nor snakes. And George and I walked right behind him. We got up in the snow sort of like this apparition and the old man let go both barrels. But it didn't bother the ghost a bit. It just walked on off a little ways as if nothing was happening and then the vanishing act. It left no tracks in the snow, either."

Mr. Hunt also recalled to-day that John Calvin, who is now 70 years old and lives in the town of Jackson, N. J., had an experience near the Decker farmhouse.

"John, or 'Barney,' as we called him," said Mr. Hunt, "was quite a ladies' man along in the 70s. Still, for that matter, Anyhow, he lived on a farm about a mile from here. One night he had been to see a young lady and was walking home. It was a clear, moonlight night. There used to be three willow trees down by the foot bridge over the brook, about fifty yards from where Decker lives now."

"Well, Barney comes along there and suddenly meets a woman wearing thin white clothes. What troubled Barney was that she was headless, though he swears he could see her shoulders plain as day. Barney ran all the mile home with the woman after him. He was a wreck for a week."

"What do you think it was that Decker heard the other night? Mr. Hunt was asked.

"Oh, it may have been the old peddler, come back to hunt for his pack. Or maybe he's sore at this Antigonish ghost. He doesn't do the things the Antigonish ghost does—he's just a harmless hick of a ghost—but it may be that the other ghost has got under his skin. He sounded like he was rougher the other night than usual."

"And do you believe in ghosts, Mr. Hunt?"

"I'm not sure," said Hunt, "as he aimed some tobacco juice at a beetle that had crawled from under a shingle—and named, 'I'm not sure, I'm like this Dr. Prince, whoever he is. It's hard to believe in 'em, and yet there are things we can't explain. Just so they leave me alone—that's all I ask."

## GIRLS GO BEBASED, SENIORS VOTE 78-22

Rouge, Smoking and Dancing  
No Menace in Minds of  
Columbia Majority.

Fifty members of the senior class at Columbia indulged in the practice of "petting" as against forty young men who do not. Seventeen consider the term "flapper" complimentary to a girl, while seventy-six regard it as the reverse.

These, and other facts concerning the beliefs on more or less vital questions and the personal lives of the seniors on Morningside Heights, were revealed last night when a tabulation of the answers to a questionnaire sent out by the editors of the *Spectator*, the university newspaper, were made public. Although only about a third of the 400 seniors from whom information was sought responded, the committee in charge of the research work announced itself as more than satisfied with the results.

"It is distinctly significant, and I may add, a hopeful portent," said John W. Hassinger of Larchmont, president of the senior class, "that seventy-eight of our members answered 'no' to the question, 'Do you believe that present-day smoking, rouging, dressing and dancing on the part of the fair sex are signs of decadent womanhood?'"

Mr. Hassinger pointed out with what he said was "deep satisfaction" to the fact that only twenty-two of the seniors answered "Yes."

The committee which sorted the answers was made up of Mr. Hassinger, Warren Squires of White Plains, the *Spectator's* managing editor, and Kenneth W. Plumb of Grand Rapids, editor of the *Columbia*. Because he helped count the votes, Mr. Plumb, but was not a member of the committee, he said that a majority of the answers designated him as the least appreciated, the most energetic and the man most likely to succeed in the class.

The enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment apparently has had the opposite effect upon Columbia seniors to that hoped for by its proponents, for, while twenty-six men admitted that they drank before the advent of prohibition and seventy-seven men said they did not, the figures have now shifted to fifty-one who drink against fifty-three who are teetotalers. Sixty-two of the boys didn't smoke before entering college and thirty did; now fifty-eight of them use tobacco against forty-two abstainers.

In spite of Mr. Hassinger's hopefulness over the seniors' attitude toward woman, he admitted that the committee had been jarred over the drinking and smoking statistics.

It is significant that eleven seniors confessed that they were engaged to be married, and that exactly eleven affirmative answers were received to a question concerning belief in the wisdom of marrying while one is in college. Only two of the class actually have wives, however. Eighty members recorded themselves as being strongly against marriage before graduation. Thirty-eight went so far as to say they thought girls were a disturbing factor on the campus, while sixty-five held the opposite view.

The questionnaire went against galoshes—a live issue at present in the university. Twenty-two of the seniors thought men in good taste in but seventy-six regarded them with disfavor. Knickerbockers (for girls) won by a vote of 53 to 42.

## To-day's Radio Program

(Tune to 360 Meters)

**Station WJZ—Newark.**

Musical program every hour from 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. on the hour.

Weather forecast, 11 A. M., 12 noon, 5 and 10-01 P. M. sharp.

Shipping news, 2-30 P. M.

Official Arlington time, 9-52 P. M.

Agricultural reports, 12 noon.

Program will be announced daily by radio phone, 7-45 P. M.

7-00 P. M.—"Man-in-the-Moon" stories for children, (c) Newark Sunday Call.

7-30 P. M.—Address by William Wade Hinshaw, president, Society of American Singers, Inc. Mr. Wade will give an outline of the opera, "Impresario," Mozart, and "The English Virgin," Krebbs. These operas will be rendered by radio on March 15. Courtesy Aeolian Company.

8-00 P. M.—"Swing Along," "Musical Trust," &c., selections by Henry Allan Price, basso. By request Mr. Price will recite "Casey at the Bat" and "The Quest of the Ribband," &c.

Mrs. Henry Allan Price, accompanist.

9-15 P. M.—"Aria 'Vissi d'Arte' from 'Tosca,' Puccini; 'Songs My Mother Taught Me,' Dvorak; 'Hayfields and Buttercups,' Digo; 'Memory,' Gershwin; 'Waltz,' Phillips, solo by Phoebe Crosby, soprano, well known in Eastern United States and Canada; formerly of the Century Opera Company, courtesy of Walter Anderson.

9-45 P. M.—"Creation's Hymn," Beethoven; "Passing By," Purcell; "It Is Enough," Mendelssohn; "Bitterness of Love," Duna; "Come to the Fair," Martin; "Long Ago," Old English, and "Ringers," solos by Norman Joffe, bass-baritone, well known in oratorio and choral societies. Courtesy of Walter Anderson.

**Station KDKA—Pittsburgh.**

8 P. M.—"Lending the Bank's Money," by Robert O. Fulton, assistant cashier of the City Deposit Bank, East End, Pittsburgh, Pa.

8-30 P. M.—Varied program of instrumental and vocal selections. Mrs. Campbell, soprano, and Earl S. Renner, tenor, of the First English Evangelical Lutheran Church, Pittsburgh; Miss Jeanne Wessner, cellist of the Pittsburgh Trio, and Miss C. M. Gray, pianist.

**Station WGI—Medford Hillside, Mass.**

8 P. M.—Boston police reports. Amateur night, elementary radio talk No. 6, "Inductive Coupling and Vacuum Tube Receivers," by L. D. Trefry. Code practice and instruction. Announcement of amateur activities.

**Station WBZ—Springfield, Mass.**

7-30 P. M.—Bedtime stories.

7-45 P. M.—Market and weather reports.

8 P. M.—Musical program.

**Advertisement.**

A Treasury Department representative, at the Information Bureau, will assist our customers in making out Income Tax returns.

## An Almost Forgotten Persian Proverb Says

that heaven is at the feet of our mothers.

Sit ye down, by yourself, somewhere and spend a few moments alone with the mother who picked you up when you fell and hurt yourself.

Do you remember how she smoothed away the hurt and made you forget all about it? Can you remember your first schooldays and how she helped you with your lessons? Can you see her sometimes coming to meet you along the road when you were coming home from school?

What dear little hands she had and how good she was to put up a little bit of lunch, generally bread, butter and preserves. Wasn't it good, though!

Oh, Mother, Mother, you know how we still miss your smile and cheer.

[Signed]

John Wanamaker  
March 10, 1922.

## Women's New Spring Wraps, \$59

One fashion—in three spring fabrics which effects a smart compromise between a cape and a coat—and strikes a new low note in price.

Hand finished linings of heavy silk crepe.

Approved street shades—black, navy blue, sorrento blue, dark brown and taupe.

Second Floor, Old Building

## AU QUATRIEME



## Gay Pillows and Coverlets Bought in a Twinkling

Such a charming lot to choose from! One is sure to find what one wants for bedroom, dressing-room or little drawing room.

But if one shouldn't—well it takes only a little while to make up exactly what is asked for.

**Pillows—Silk—Linen**

Silk pillows with frayed edges, \$22.50. Of upholstery taffeta, round and square—fluffy, charming like big soft flowers.

Of soft dress fabrics—boxed and corded, \$13.50.

The same of heavier upholstery taffeta, \$18.

Brocade pillows—of brocade taffeta, copied from old brocades—boxed and padded edges, \$20.

Linen pillows—the smartest of the smart—round, square, oblong—gay boxings, piping, braid trimmings. Any two bright colors you may wish—green with yellow, blue with red or rose.

**Coverlets**

Hand-quilted. Of upholstery silk—exquisite hand-quilted designs, wide plain bands or deep scallop finish on edge. Interlinings of lamb's wool. Peach, rose, any shades to order, \$65.

With hand-quilted pillows to match, \$95 the set.

Lovely for the chaise longue or small bed.

**Coverlets for Baby**

Tiny ones—hand-quilted, too—of white crepe de chine faced with shell-pink and forget-me-not blue Habutai silk, \$20.

Fourth Floor, Old Building

Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co.  
Broadway at Ninth, New York  
Store Hours—9 to 5.30  
Telephone Stuyvesant 4700

## Paris paints the new modes in brilliant colors

Color—glorious color—is one of the most delightful things about the hats which Paris has created for spring.

The siege of black has run so long we had almost forgotten what exquisite things color in the hands of Paris could mean—until this burst of sunshine.

With a bold hand she paints in red and golden brown; here and there dashing off a little masterpiece in daring green.

She uses pale tints of mauve with utmost delicacy—and on a drooping brim often lets fall a lovely wistful rose.

Black is far too chic to be deserted entirely, so by splashing it with a vivid bit of color she brings it into the picture too.

Models from all the leading Paris milliners are now being displayed in the French Salon. Prices \$30 to \$95.

Second Floor, Old Building

## We have had this fine crepe-de-chine gown made for you by an excellent dressmaker, \$95.

An achievement—N'est-ce-pas?  
Second Floor, Old Building



## Does Early Spring Means this to you? HIKING SUITS

The only practical and truly comfortable way to dress if one goes tramping across the country or through the woods into that inevitable line of early spring.

**Women's Suits of imported tweeds**

Pepper and salt mixtures—black, brown, tan, white flecked with color.

Three-piece suits, skirt, jacket, breeches, \$65.

Four-piece suits, adding a cape, \$95.

**Misses' Suits of tweeds or camel-hair**

English tweeds, in grays, browns and mixtures; imported camel-hair cloth in a stunning dark tan herringbone weave.

Two-piece and three-piece suits, \$59.50 to \$95.

Separate breeches, \$8 to \$15. Second Floor, Old Building

## Netherdale Tweeds, Homespun

New shipment—\$3.75 to \$8.50 yd.

Made to our order in Galashiels, Scotland. Closely woven of well twisted threads of finest wool—so will not bag or sag. 54 to 60 in. wide.

**New checks and plain tweeds to match**

—light weight, for frocks with matching capes and jackets—the combinations which Paris is using—in rose, green, lavender, yellow and tan.

Homespun for coats and top capes. In smart mixtures of tan, green, gray, purple, lavender and black.

Dress Goods Salon, First Floor, Old Building

## Second Series of Organ Recitals

on the New Concert Organ in the

Wanamaker Auditorium

CHARLES M. COURBOIN

Famous Belgian Organist, formerly of Antwerp Cathedral, Guest soloist.

**Second Recital,**

**Tuesday Afternoon,**

**March 14, at 2:30.**

Program of works by Mendelssohn, Couperin, Rameau, Widor, St. Saens, Chopin, Yon.

**Tickets are ready.**

Tickets of admission may be had by application in person at the Concert Bureau, Auditorium, First Gallery, New Building.

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Second Floor, Old Building

## Suits of imported materials—\$39.50

A small collection of young women's suits of our \$45 to \$59.50 grades.

**HOMESPUNS—the kind you have admired on men,**

and for the having of which you have envied them.

Oatmeal, tan or brown.

**TWEEDS—at a glance you know that they were woven in the British Isles.**

Wonderful shades of blue, purple and brown. Distinctive in weave too!

Severely tailored, made by a man who only makes the finer kinds of sports and touter suits.

Box coats. Coats that flare just a bit. Sizes 14 to 20.

Plain colored silk linings.

Tenth Street Side, Second Floor, Old Building

## "The most delightful collection of Girls' Frocks I've seen"

Said a woman who came to buy a girl's tub frock. She bought ten because

"the styles are so unusually pretty and the prices so moderate."

**At \$9.75**

White checked dimity, dotted swiss, organdie or voile, hand-smocked in vivid colorings.

Regulation dresses of linen in high shades.

Smock-dresses, Mother Hubbard and straight-line frocks of imported checked ginghams, striped dimity, English prints and chintz with individual trimming schemes.

And the much favored bloomer dress—in lovely imported ginghams and striped madras. Sizes 6 to 16.

Second Floor, Old Building

## Lamp Sale—two good flashes

Metal polychrome bridge and short-length floor lamps.

**\$12.25 and \$26.50 for the \$18.50 and \$40 grades**

**English Pot**